

Lowkey Lyrics

"Revolution"

(feat. Jon McClure, Faith SFX, Mic Righteous)

[Lowkey:]

Little man never did exams,
Got a particular bigger plan flipping grams,
When a bigger man in his gang gave him a stick to bang,
Or maybe just hold 'cause no one thought he would kill a man,
Till he got silly billy feelin & chilling in the jam,
Sipping cham', spliff in his hand checking to the jam,
Bang bang biddy bang biddy bang,
Now he's in the camp thinking damn what a pity fam,
Rappers are yapping and flapping their lips,
Bout how they're packing and clapping their sticks,
Has to be big,
The impact it has on the kids, tells me where the factory is,
The government kill, they're just stacking their chips,
You wonder why the youths are strapped and their pissed,
If not a nine, it's a knife getting jabbed in your ribs,
People die for the petrol, the gas and the whip,
In London, you can get shanked in the heart,
Still the government put more tax in Iraq,
Ignorant little spitters are talking greezy,
Cause they bitten bits that the saw on TV,
If all you rap about is the hoes and the doe,
It's already too late, you sold 'em your soul,
You jokers act like you know but you don't,
'Cause there's little kids dying all over the globe,

[Faith SFX:]

They used to put my lights out and nights out
And days in spent blazing
And tell me to not be gaining the mazes
But why now it's right out amazing to think
Now let the revolutionaries sing
Stand up for your rights and fight for revolution
Free your mind so we can prise constitution
'Cause they're killing us all...

[Mic Righteous:]

Little man never did exams
He be chillin with his fam in a flat
Spliff in hand and spittin raps
But there's more than one way to skin a cat
Gotta make up for the things he didn't have
Wanna be a dan
Little mans gott bigger plans
Wanna be bigger than jigga and killer cam
Picture that while hes sittin back sippin out a guinness can
Feelin trapped
Done with the chitter chat!
Little man dealing crack for a bit of cash

Put his shit on smash, buildin' stacks
Livin isn't bad
Untill a cat got in his flat
And hit him with a bat
And they found where he hid his stash
Little man fouled it
Get him back
Now really mad
Feelin militant put on his timberlands and headed to the flat
Where the cats that had jacked him were chillin at
Bowl full of gas in his gaff
And lit a match
Put it in a bag
And away it goes BANG!
But the cat's whole family was in the flat
Now it's definitely defo prison for little man
He could of been one in a million he could've had the whole world in his hands
But shit hit the fan
When the cat came back
With his strap
Pulled the trigger back
Finished little man in a flash
Its a FACT!
That he's dead now....

[Faith SFX:]

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